FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns

ON THE RESERVE. What Kappened to the Second Corps During July and August, 1864.

HEN the Army of the Potomac settled down to the siege of Petersburg the old Second Corps-that corp which had stood at Gettysblue badge so like a clover leaf-will call to the extra fatigue duties and the desperate battles which became their portion while the rest

of the army lay intrenched before the enemy. The Second Corps had well nigh exhaused its strength in the opening charges of the first assault at Petersburg, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of June, 1864, while, led by the heroic Han-Wilderness to Cold Harbor, where

Death and danger ifagered then Round the path of those brave men; Gloomy hill and lowly gien held a [rebel] foe.

But now that fighting seemed over for the time being and the lines of the Union army circled partly around Petersburg for an ail-Summer siege - and Winter too, as it provedit found no place among its fellows at the front, but, inst ad, the curious prospect of laying off and in the rear marked off for it.

I well remember the sense of relief we felt as our column of the First Division (Barlow's) filed out of the woods where our position had been, and took the high and open road that led to the Jerusalem Plank road. We felt like veterans whose wars were over an theaceforth we would rest from bloodshed, for a season, at least, far from the din of musketry and the uaccasing pop, pop, pop of the pickets, that through the livelong day and night kept up a Fourth-of-July racket in dead earnest.

And so we congratulated ourselves on the good time that awaited us, probably on the Blackwater, a new and pleasant district toward which we were marching; but we stopped to camp and actually laid out company streets, and lay down to sleep and pleasant dreams.

Now it was that Serg't Cash, or "Abe," as I called my tentmate, reveled in sleep. He could | purpose. afford to take one good sleep now; for "weren't we relieved?" And so it was that, instead of getting his breakfast at the time the rest did, mine and given him some water, an exceed- one campaign to ano her. ingly mean-looking officer, a mounted Aid, the march again.

and pine forest; far away to the rear.

It was the struggle for the Weldon Railroad | side, on the 21st and 22d of June, which Grant ultimately won, and thus closed one line of com- gle, as is often the case on a forced march, for | 200. Aug. 14 to 18, Deep Bottom, total casual-

slowly. We had some cavalry in advance and pretty soon their carbines began to rattle- | cooler" was one who stopped to cook a cup that exciting, irregular firing which always preceded a battle, the combat of the skirmishers. We kent advancing, however, "two steps and a halt"-stand awhile, sit down, then get myself. The trouble was it gave those who sion. up and go on. Wounded men now appeared, coming from the front-some borne on stretchers to the rear, where the Sarzeons were in good shape, and were on the field in time for this campaign. During the battle of Ream's readiness to bind up their wounds or to ampu-

While we were looking at them an order came to detail men to go out as flankers, and I. with others from my company, was detailed thrown. for that duty. The enemy had brought a battery into action and the shells began to whiz over our heads. As my name was called where the detail was falling in, and was looking around for the rest of them when a shell came like a flash of lightning and burst where I had been sitting, killing four men outright and wounding three others, with some of whom I had been talking. Then another shell came and burst over us in the road, so that we were hidden from each other by the smoke which cuveloped us, but, strange to say, none were injured by it. We had learned to care little for artillery fire or shells at long range, but this, in a skirmish, was fearful. No battle

We flaukers went through the woods to the for water with the other, but were withdrawn | rebel fort with its guns and garrison, besides |

In some districts in Virginia we could obtain foot. On the Peninsula, especially by the Pamunkey River, the clavey substratum held water, and on this occasion, with a gun on one | quently the division which did attack was half shoulder, I carried a spade (which someone else had thrown away) on the other, in hopes of reformed their lines and repulsed every ad- that the war for the Union was a success .getting a drink, for we were suffering from vance with much slaughter.

Our division slowly returned the way it came. Some thirsty men were crowding around a well, while officers vainly shouted for them to leave before the enemy came, but still they lingered near the enchanting place till an offipoint of his revolver persuaded them to obey orders. We did not go far on our way back, for in a short time we halted and, forming a battle with the usual foe of the Second Corps. the rebels under the skillful Gen. A. P. Hill. and were put to a great disadvantage and lost over 1,000 prisoners-1,700, according to Hum-Gun. Hancock was away at the time on ac-

we had been the day before, where we could a new camping place. hardly see the end of a company, and "monkeyed around," as the boys used to say, till we lost our bearings and were then attacked by the enemy in three columns.

that when the enemy flanked us on the left a panic ran along the line from left to right like the "enaking" of a row of bricks, and the whole line broke and "skedaddled" to the

We had taken a position at last in the woods, connecting with the left of the frish brigade. and keeping close to the ground. Now, whether we had a line of skirmishers in our front or not, is an item I never could find out, lost a gun before from our division. but the battle commenced, and bullets came

men realize how slim the chances are for all

The bullets now came faster, and our men began to fire, aithough no foeman could be seen in the hazy woods. I also essayed to fire, We had roast ears and "lob scouse," which is but as I pulled the trigger the cap only corn scraped off the ear and stewed with snapped, and as I turned to put on another, I saw the line on the left giving way, and the | it tasted like oyster soup, and was the favorite Irish Brigade getting ready to go, for they were dish of the boys in blue. We also had plain rising from the ground. A builet crushed a corn, when the line moved on and we had no little sapling in front of me, so I hurriedly | time to cook it, but left a string of fires behind primed my gun, aimed at the green space in | to indicate our intentions.

the direction of the foe, fired, and fell back. Then I felt solitary enough. The only man to be seen was the dead man on the ground, with a handkerchief over his face; doubtless, there in that lonesome spot his bones are blea hing now, as many others are in the "Old

Virginia lowlands." I remember how, in my flight, I hopped over many fat haversacks which had been thrown away, probably by new recruits or conscripts, of whom there were many now in the army, and some of them sadly impaired the "morale ' of the rest. Upon reaching the road I met the regiment near the apex of the line, and every- Stomach Bitters, which is also a potent remedy for roops all in disorder, officers and men all | thing had to give way. astening to the point from which we started, And there was but a step between victory tiem and debility.

formed the line in the breastworks, and waited

We didn't have to wait long, for they massed charges from it, but were quickly and easily repulsed. Our batteries in the breastwork had a chance to "get in their work," and afterward shelled the woods as a "discourager" of intimacy.

After that we had a peaceful time for more than a month. We encamped right there by | again; so he kept his word. the breastworks, and stood at arms every morning before daylight to prevent surprises at that critical hour. Two or three days after the fighting some of our men found two wounded burg like a wall of fire against the assaults | rebs in the woods, who were brought into camp of Pickett, Pettigrew and Longstreet-was as- and kindly cared for. One was shot through signed the duty of acting as the reserve; and at | the body and arm, and yet had survived. He that word the old veterans who once were the | conversed calmly with the boys when it seemed trefoil on their caps-the little red, white or as though he should have been crazed or dead from his wounds and privations. The only mind the quick alarms, the midnight marches, attention they had received for their wounds A. Miles bravely trying to rally some fugitives, was from the welcome rain, which, as usual, but he was too near the front; men can't stop came down after a battle.

"All signs fail in dry weather," except canwatched the skies and the rolling clouds for till the cannon's deadly voice resonnded over | which I was making, and I did. cock, it had already fought its way from the the parched hills and valleys; then the heavens

> front, where the brazen face of war was be- August. guiled by sylvan charms, and in its shady depths we escaped from the "monotony of ing of "Bob White, Bob White," as if we knew him, and sometimes heard the music of the rebel bands, and wondered what we would do if attacked in the night, for the woods were tangled and the path back to camp long and could not find it ourselves.

But in camp the heat of Summer was rag-Union army as if in league with the wayward | for nearly 40 hours, only waking a few moments States to make us miserable, and during the | to cat. blistering month of July we saw the green fade from our sight and the landscape turn to the barren waste which a camp always made.

Now, however, the kind ministrations of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were very valuable, for they supplied us with some vegemented the dry rations of the troops to some | enemy.

Yet now it strikes me that my subject should be the "Adventures of an Army Corps," for our movements the rest of the season he didn't get any at all; for just as I had eaten | helped to make history, and we were led from

In the last week of July we broke camp and brought orders to move at once, as they usually tried to break into Richmond. Our corps did when we were comfortably fixed. And so passed along the rear of the army to the right, vanished that camp, and before Abe could say | and, marching all night, crossed the Appointagrace be saw the last of breakfast and was on | tox at midnight and the James River in the morning on pontoon bridges.

But presently it seemed to wind to the right, an idea that we were only on a reconnoissance. were going to another attack-and we on the | we cross the bridge our cars were saluted with | were as follows, according to "The Virginia the rumbling sound of muskerry on the other | Campaign of 1864, '65":

> work for us out there," etc. Now, a "coffee- over 7,000. of coffee by the way when there was no regular time to halt for that purpose, and in the wanted to shirk a chance to do so. However, our regiment, stragglers and all, got together in

in a small earthwork in the edge of a woods, ments. I have seen them, at the least excuse I stepped forward to the middle of the road, | and had driven the enemy from the position, driven off by our own batteries, which had un- accounts partly for the heavy loss in prisoners. limbered in the grassy plain as we went on.

mond to alarm the fee on that side, while the after month, till it made the whole heart sick ensued that day; we were simply "feeling the grand attack was made in the center, for as we | and the head faint. neared Petersburg at daylight we heard heavy cannonading and found out that the Burnside spreading dismay in their lines.

But here Grant's strategy was defeated by an water by digging just below the soil about a aggravating blunder of some one else. The

What a disappointment it must have been to the silent General! What preparations had been made to fight the final battle of the war! How the batteries had been concentrated to bear on the position, with mortar-guns planted ready to rush through and drive the rebel army to destruction.

It was one of those Southern days of battle, line, built breastworks and were joined by the and while the sun was pouring down all his rest of the corps. The next day we had a beams of rosy light, yet the air was murky with the sulphurous smoke of powder. Our corps also was arrayed in front of the mine waiting for the order which never came, and hour after hour passed with only the skirmishphrey's "Virginia Campaign-and four guns. ers engaged, or a "few random guns which the foe were sullenly firing," till the afternoon, count of his wound troubling him, and we and then, as the idea of the day seemed to be were taken out to the thick woods near where given up, we were put in motion and taken to

Here we remained for a few weeks occupied drilling, and doing fatigue duty, as occasion required, such as leveling a redoubt, which took When we think of the many struggles our a large force with picks and shovels nearly all men had with unseen fees in the woods, night, and other duties, till about the 13th of 19, 1864, moved across the Fredericksburg and and the disasters, which often followed, it is August, when we were suddenly marched to Spottsylvania turnpike and through the gap in easy to account for the distrust we felt as we Deep Bottom again, where our "Reserve" the stone wall on to the historical Harris Farm, Corps fought a heavy battle. This movement | taking position upon a rolling interval of ness to go forward," and so it resulted here was a campaign by itself, and it seemed as ground south of the Harris Mansion. Here the made hard marching, and when we got there we were thoroughly jaded, but proceeded to de- | that there would be one. story the road, which brought on the battle of Ream's Station, where we lost over 1,000 of

It was A. P. Hill again who did it,-"Apple "zipping" through the woods-invisible shafts | Pie Hill" his men called him, -who attacked us of death from unseen hands. A friend (Gilbert on the third day out, as our men predicted, for Evans) kad temporary command of the next | we were having a picuic. We changed off in company, and during a lull came and told us the work, and while one part of the force tore that one of his men had just been killed. up the track, made big fires of the ties, and That made matters serious; the first man killed | bent the rails in them, the other part were on throws a gloom over the regiment, and makes guard, deployed in heavy skirmishing order, and moved leisurely through one cornfield after another as the working force advanced in their path of destruction.

The corn being ripe, we had a feast of it chopped pork. Seasoned with pepper and salt

It was while enjoying life in this way that it seemed too good to last, and the pessimistic sense of some was aroused, who said: "Ah, we'll get it for this. The rebs will head us off and get square," etc. Sure enough on the second day the cavalry (Gregg's) found the enemy advancing in force against us, and we were withdrawn that night to the breastworks at Ream's Station, where the enemy attacked us the and destroy you. If you live or sojourn in a malanext day. The first two attacks were repulsed, but in the third attack, although terribly cut up, they succeeded in breaking through a new

and I did not stop to count them, but helped to swell their numbers, catching sight of the men held by the 57th N. Y., a little regiment, where in gray up a wood road moving parallel to us. | the attack seemed heaviest, the enemy was When we got to the open fields we took it easy. | beld in check at the point of the bayonet, and Some of us filled our canteens at a well, re- some of them had lain down in front, and others had crossed the breastwork as prisoners, when the break occurred on the left. The

enemy came in like a flood and the tables were in the woods 200 yards distance, made two turned-it became a victory of the vanquished. My two tent mates, Abe Cash and Henry Pettit, were taken prisoners here, but escaped in the night by dodging past the guard and hiding in the bushes, regaining our lines after two days of adventure. Abe had been in Libby Prison once, and said he would never go there

As for myself, at the moment of supposed victory I was wounded and sent to the rear just in time to escape capture. In crossing the railroad cut in the rear of our line I noticed great confusion up the track, and upon getting up the bank on the other side was dismayed to find our batteries there already deserted, the rebel fire having driven our gunners away. No artillery can hold a position where infantry can sweep it. On the left I saw Gen. Nelson under fire. After this I was compelled to run the gantlet of builets over an open field, but nonading, and we found it so. How we had was stopped in my mad career by a wounded officer of the Irish Brigade, who implored me some promise of a change, but none was given | to help him to the woods, the goal of safety for

Further on we met a line of reinforcemets, releated, and how appropriate! When men | the Third Division (Mott's) advancing and are arrayed to slay their brothers, the angels | checking the retreat. We were in hopes they might weep as well as the sympathizing clouds. | would save our batteries, but darkness came We picketed by turns in the heavy woods in on and ended the conflicted on the 25th of Our troops fell back during the night to a

point near the main army. Some of us halted camp life." On the picket-line we listened to for a while and lay down to sleep in a barn by the voices of the innocent quail, always talk- the roadside, but were soon hustled out by the report that the enemy were advancing. In the morning the red trefoil standards of the division and its brigades were set up in a large field, and as the straggling, weary soldiers arrived they grouped themselves around circuitous. We had no good rallying point, al- their colors. As soon as I found the nucleus of though there was a picket support where we | my regiment-now a group of 20-I was sent by ambulance to City Point Hospital; and such had been the strain of the campaign that when ing-a southern sky, looked down upon the at last we were put in our little cots we slept

Being only slightly wounded on the head, I was soon able to return to duty, and in a few weeks rejoined my regiment, which was encamped nearly a mile from the picket-line; but somehow or other we were within range, and almost every night someone was wounded tables, and even soutkrant, which supple- around the campfires by spent bullets from the

> Events followed each other in such a stream in those days that the interest of one day was eclipsed by that of the next. The regiment's term of service was nearly up, and we were sent to Garrison Fort Steadman, where we had some more experience, and were under fire till the last day of our three years. Then the joyful hour of release came, and we lest to see our homes once more, each one going with a happy heart and an i onorable discharge.

Gen. Hancock said of the return march from Deep Bottom that it was the mest difficult Yet we were going to the Blackwater, so they We had been wondering all night where we one of the compaign. And I see from Gen. were going and what we were marching for, | Humphreys's book that Milessucceeded in rallycolumn of armed men with tranqual faces and but as we neared the James we found out. The ling his old regiment, the 61st N. Y., who reon a dusty road winding through green fields heavy booming of our gunboats reminded us captured McKnight's battery, leaving only nine that it was a time of war, and if we entertained | gons in the enemy's hands at Ream's Station. The losses sustained by the corns during the and then we seemed to "smell a mice"-we that idea soon parted company with us, for ere Summer, after leaving the front of Petersburg,

June 22, Weldon Railroad, missing, 1,700. July 27, Deep Bottom, killed and wounded, some cannot keep up, and so the "coffee cool- ties, 2.756. This includes the loss of Gregg's The column had marched rapidly for several ers" appeared by the wayside, who cheered us cavalry, which were comparatively slight. hours and reached a point where the road went by saying, "Ah, boys! the Johnnies are wait- Aug. 25, Ream's Station, killed and wounded, through a pine thicket, when it moved very ing for you." "Don't hurry." "Plenty of 610; missing, 1,762; which makes a total of

> (Warren's) lost 3,000 men at the capture of the Weldon Railroad, near Globe Tayern, and course of the morning many did, including the Ninth Corps lest 4,000 at the mine explo-

> The evil effect of conscripts and bountied men in an army is seen by their conduct in the duty assigned us, and bowed to the iron Station the General sent for volunteers to go compliments of the rebel artillery, advancing on the skirmish-line, as two lines had been lost over a field whereon were scattered the massive | in the woods, and only the veterans responded. fragments of the shells our gunboats had while the new men were crouching down behind the breastworks. Gen. Humphreys says The First Brigade of our division had already they completely changed the character of captured by storm a rebel battery of iron pieces | whole divisions, as well as brigades and regifor skulking, huddle behind trees and barns shelling us from an open field, but was soon | they fell easily into the enemy's hands. This But I don't blame them. No cause has the That was all the fighting done on this occa- right to force men to fight for it, and the trightsion. We remained two or three days in the ful losses of the army (64,000 after it entered locality-Deep Bottom-and then recrossed the | the Wilderness and up to Aug. 20) had an apriver at dark and made another night march | palling effect on everyone. Nearly all our previous campaigns were over in a few days, but this one was a succession of slaughters before ment had been a demonstration against Rich- an intrenched foe, day after day and month

A quarter of a century has passed since those left looking for the enemy with one eye and mine had been exploded, and had blown up a tories no less renowed than war." To-day the boys in blue and the men in gray intermingle, and sit at one table as brothers reunited! The handsome pictures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson adorn our children's school troops detailed to lead the assault had books alongside of our Union Generals, and been changed at the last moment. Conse- new generations treasure their mutual sufferings and death-defying valor. This is as it an hour late, and by that time the enemy had should be, for it proves that we are one, and

I have arrived at the age of fully threescore and have been a lifelong Democrat, but I am and masked, and line after line of the infantry fully satisfied that Cleveland is not the friend cer on borseback drove among them and at the were massed in rear of the point of attack of the soldiers, and should not receive our support.-Gen. E. O. Beers.

PREMONITIONS.

A Comrade Thinks Soldiers are Sometimes Warned of Death.

O soldiers have premonitions of their death before going into battle? Yes, I think that they do, and numerous cases have been cited truthfully that occurred during the late civil war. I will relate the following incident, which came under my personal observation, and which seems a clear case of premonition that soldiers are imin the peaceful pursuits of drawing rations, pressed with a strong foreboding that they are to meet death in battle, and invariably it has

My regiment during the afternoon of May though we were about to strike for Richmond, | regiment formed in line and rested for a short when instead we recrossed the river and struck | time, the 1st battalion resting on the right, for the other end of the army and the Weldon | with the 3d battalion resting on the left, Railroad, on the flank of the rebel right. This | near a strip of woods. The boys were laughing and joking, there being no signs of a battle, or

Soon the scene changed, however, as I saw Cos. D and F enter the woods in our front, and our men as prisoners, and 17 guns, having never listened to the continuous roar of musketry that followed; for they had struck Rodes's Division, of Ewell's Corps, and there was sharp business ahead for the boys. I stood under the colors, and as I looked down the long line of blue I saw many faces that wore expressions of calmness, and others of determination, and some were pale and anxious. As I stood there with Old Glory flapping against my face, I shall never forget the pale features and anxious look of Capt. Wm. G. Thompson, who, laying his hand upon my arm, remarked: "Well, Corpo-

ral, how do you feel about going into battle?"
"Captain," I answered, "this looks like business, and some of us have come to stay; but I am going to trust in Providence, and think that I will come out all right." He remarked, I am going to be killed, and I cannot help

The Captain's words were verified, for within 20 minutes after the regiment went into action Capt. Wm. G. Thomson, as brave a man as ever drew a sword, was carried to the rear mortally wounded .- WM. CRANE, Corporal, Co. E, 1st Mass. H. A., Medfield, Mass.

Comrades, get your vetoes ready!

If You Breathe Poison, No less than if you swallow it, it will impregnate rious locality, be assured that you must inhale the germs of disease. Nullify and render these harmless with the grand antidote to malaria, Hostetter's indigestion, liver complaint, costiveness, rheumaAT GETTYSBURG.

Another Comrade Thinks the Iron Brigade Opened the Battle. N the issue of Dec. 31, 1891, I read the communication of T. Benton Kelley, Co.

E, 8th Ill. Cav., and I agree with him, that "while there are yet living witnesses to the opening of the Battle of Gettysburg, let the truth come out," both in regard to the infantry as well as the cavalry. I have read in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE at different times about such and such a regiment of

infantry being the first to commence the fight at Gettysburg on the part of the infantry, that it has made me just a little bit tired of the assumption, for it is nothing else, and I think that Comrade Kelley, of the 8th Ill. Cav., is in the right in regard to his regiment being the first cavalry regiment to commence the action on the part of the cavalry. In his communication he says: "About 10:20 . m. the first advance of the infantry reached

the rise of ground in front of the Seminary, near

the woods at the left of the pike." Further on:

"Let no one say they opened the battle from any other point, for no rebels came to Gettysburg on any other road until near 10:30 a. m.' Now, the infantry spoken of by Comrade Kelley was the advance of the Iron Brigade, composed of the 2d, 6th, 7th Wis., 19th Ind., and 24th Mich.; the 2d Wis, being in the lead that morning. Just after we had passed the Seminary, in a gully, we passed the horses of the 5th Ill. Cav., and just after we had passed them and got to the top of the knoll we formed regiment "by company to the left." As I was the Second Sergeaut of the company that morning, every man that has had any experience in service knows that at such a command being given the duty Sergeant's place was to get on the line and reverse his musket, so that the

At this time a number of the cavalry boys asked permission to fall in our ranks, and it was accorded and they went down the hill with This was near 10:30 a. m., and the only infantry on the field and in line was the 2d Wis. (the rest of the brigade got into position as fast as they could), and it may be recorded as a fact right here that the 2d Wis. (as the comrades of the 7th Wis. say) commenced the fight on the part of the infantry; and I think that all my old comrades will join with me in saying there was no other infantry either to the right or left of our brigade at the commencement, as the Iron Brigade had moved at a sharp quickstep from the time we filed off the road to the left about a mile from the town. near Coderi's House.

A special in the New York Tribune at that time, and taken from "History 24th Mich. in Iron Brigade," describes the event: "Gen. Reynolds had ridden into the angle of wood, a bow-shot from the Seminary, and cheers the Iron Brigade as they wheel on the flank for a harge. Like a great flail of steel they swing into the shadows with a hurrah that is terrible; low, crouching by his horse's head, the General peeps into the depths of the grove. from the wooded ravine, two jagged ares leap in sight. Huzza! From the skirts of the oak the great double-doors of the Iron Brigade shut together with a slam as if of colliding mountains, folding between them 1,500 rebel prison-The record of the old 2d Wis, speaks for it-

self, from the time of its first baptism under fire on the 18th of July, 1861, at Blackburn's Ford or Bull Run, when we made the attempt o take Manassas Junction, up to the time of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, without need of exciting envy. Gen. Lysander Cutler's statement that the 56th Pa., of the Second Bricade, was the first to commence the fight at the battle of Gettysburg will not hold good. No liscredit to the 56th, who were as brave a regiment as any; but as Comrade Kelley says, of excessive thinness." Let the truth come out," so say I.

In closing will say that I was in the detail to eport the prisoners to the Provost-Guard in lettysburg, and talked with Gen. Archer until we arrived in the streets of Gettysburg, and the prisoners were turned over to Lieut, Walter Caldwell, of the 9th N. Y. Cav. I served with Co. A. 2d Wis., from the time of muster-in at Madison until its consolidation in the 6th Wis., and was then a member of Co. G of that regiment until mustered out at Jeffersonville, Ind., on 17th of July, 1865.-FREDERICK C. WATER-MAN, Co. A, 2d Wis., Waterlee, Ind.

Comrades, get your vetoes ready :

CUT DOWN BY MINIES. This Happened to Quite a Large Tree in Frent of the 7th Ind.

EN, GRANT in Vol. II of his Memoirs speaks of a tree 18 inches in diameter being cut down by musket-balls. I want to tell you what I know about that. We of the 7th Ind, were in line before the Johnnies near Spottsylvania Courthouse on the morning of May 12, 1864, when the good and events. Peace reigns, and "hath her vic- news came down our line that Hancock's Second Corps had charged that morning just before daylight and captured 4,000 prisoners. two field officers, 20 cannon, a great many small-arms, and several stands of colors. Of course we were much pleased at this news, and threw up our hats and shouted with all the force of our lungs. About this time our regiment was ordered to make a forced march to the left; and after marching four or five miles we heard the roar of heavy musketry in our GEORGE W. KELLY, 57th N. Y., Meriden, front, and pushing forward across a hollow and up a hill, we came up to and relieved a regiment that had been firing in front of a rebel fort since early morning, which had not yet surrendered to Hancock. We were drawn up within 100 feet of the fort, and our orders were to fire as fast as possible, and we kept a constant stream of balls pouring over this fort, so that the Johnnies could not raise their heads above the breastworks to fire at us without being hit by our bullets. We continued firing until late in the evening, when, after our guns had become so dirty we could hardly get | that Comrades Howe and King were both misa hall down them, we were relieved and moved | taken as to the date of the battle of Lynchback to our old position in the line just beyond | burg. The writer's discharge and pension certhe fort, and in line with our firing stood a | tificate both state that he was wounded on June large tree, which, when our regiment was re- 18, 1864, at the battle of Lynchburg; the 18th was | did. lieved, appeared to be almost cut down, and | the second day of the fighting. The writer when the regiment started back to its old posi- was captured at the time he was wounded and tion, Capt. Jeffery requested me to stay and see | kept in hospital there 12 weeks. Many rebels if it did actually fall. In about two hours came into the hospital to see the "captured after our regiment left the fort, the Johnnies Yanks," among them a First Lieutenant shot up the white flag just as the tree fell to named Hunter, a relative of Gen. Hunter. the ground. I was so glad it was over, and | These men of course talked freely about the started up the hill to the fort where Hancock's battle, and all were greatly astonished that Corps had charged early in the morning. It Gen. Hunter did not take the place on the 17th | that he ever struck in all his life. Thorn was had been raining all day and part of the night of June, as there were but 2,500 troops in the on duty as cook, and he was very anxious to before, and the mud was deep. The dead and town then. On the night of the 17th, the writer join the company at the front, and he got exwounded had been removed, knapsacks, port- says, the men of his command could plainly cused and started with the writer to Murfreesfolios, writing paper, pens and ink, letters, etc., hear train after train coming into Lynchburg boro. There were about 100 others in the were scattered all over the hill-side. I got on | bringing Gen. Early's command. He further top of the fort, and what a sight! Worse than a says that after the war, in 1866, a comrade of slaughter-pen !-muddy, bloody, and as wet as | the 36th Ohio told him that he stood near if they had swam the river. There were 200 | enough to hear while Gen. Hunter held a connin the intrenchments, every one of them more | cil of war. Hunter made a proposition to suror less wounded, and many dead. They were render his entire force. Gen. Crook was standcalling for food and help. The scene was so | ing to one side, hacking a bush with his sword, deeply stamped upon my memory that it seems | and when Hunter said this, Crook cried: but as yesterday, though it is 28 years ago. After talking to the wounded some time I returned to my regiment; and I never could tell why then immediately ordered a retreat. Comrado our regiment had been brought so far to do | Chiinger thinks Comrade King's praise of Gen. that work, when there were others so much

It is said a part of that tree has been taken to Washington City. Is that true? Also, I would like to hear from other comrades what they know about this particular fort .- A. D. SPRINGER, Drum-Major, 7th Ind., Franklin.

I tell you, sir, the old soldiers will not vote for Cleveland. He cannot carry New York .-Gen. D. E. Sickles.

New Settlers in the Pecos Valley.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The following persons have recently purchased land in the Pecos Valley, after having thoroughly investigated all the conditions as to soil, climate, water supply, etc. Anyone desiring to consult any of supply, etc. Anyone desiring to consult any of these people may address them either at their former residences or at Eddy.

C. C. Atkinson, La Cygne, Kas.; J. O. Kelsey, La Cygne, Kas.; C. H. Ludlam, Colorado Springs, Colo.; S. D. Kelley, Grand Island, Neb.; L. H. Lee New Guilford Obic: R. P. Love, Preeds III.

Colo.; S. D. Kelley, Grand Island, Neb.; L. H. Lee, New Guilford, Ohio; R. P. Love, Breeds, Ill.; W. R. Wilson, Hastings, Neb.; C. J. Demerest, Harrison, Fla.; J. W. Ludlam, Evanston, Ill.; N. Cunningham, Grundy Center, Ia.; H. St. John Murch, Lyle, Minnesota; O. R. Tanner, Burlington, Kas.; Geo. J. Niekerson, Deep River, Ia.; E. Golse, London, England; Paran, Since Colors, London, London, London, England, Paran, Since Colors, London, Londo E. Golaz, London, England; Percy Shea, Colorado Springs, Colo.; T. J. McDonald, Kerrville, Tenn.; O. Sittinger, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. R. E. Moon, Cleveland, O.; J. B. McGraw, Dallas, Tex. Immigration is pouring in rapidly, and all sensi-ble, practical men, who take time to look over the country, are thoroughly convinced that it possesses sil the good qualities claimed for it.—G. O. Shields, Eddy, N. M., Oct. 11th, 1892.

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

A Slight Mistake.

BENTON KELLY, Co. E, 8th Ill. Cav., Rutland, Vt., writes: "In your issue of the 24th ult. John Hall, Corpus Christi, Tex., states that about 5 or 6 o'clock on the evening of June 30, 1863, he with 50 or 100 of his regiment charged into Gettysburg down the main street upon a squadron or so of rebels and drove them out beyond Cemetery Ridge, etc. I think he must be a little off on the date; if not he could have found Gen. Buford's headquarters at the hotel at the hour designated and the 8th Ill. on picket three miles out the Chambersburg Pike any time after 3:30 p. m. June 30, 1863. Our command passed through the town, coming from Emmitsburg, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon and met with no resistance, but rather a joyful welcome from the entire popu-

"A Disgraceful Affair." S. H. Wright, Co. B. 75th N. Y., Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "In the issue of Sept. 1 is an article by Comrade Smith, 75th N. Y., in refer-

ence to a former article called 'A Disgraceful Affair.' I think it was that and more. I must correct Kirby in regard to the name of one of the captured gunboats; he called it Sabine, when it was Sachem. Her Captain's name was Johnson. In the issue of Nov. 8, 1888, Alice Risley says she saw the man Ichabod Bump in Captain of Co. F could continue the formation the hospital in New Orleans, and thinks he died of the regiment. This I did, as I can prove by there, notwithstanding the impression that he numbers of my comrades living at present had been knocked overboard and lost." The Flag at Lookout Mountain.

Hugh Brady, Co. I, 84th Ill., Yates Center, Kan., says that there has been a great deal of disputing about Lookout Mountain, and he believes that all the troops there did their whole duty, but the writer thinks he saw the first rebel flag pulled down on top of Lookout Mountain, no matter who may have planted the first United States flag. While R seerans's army was advancing on Chattanooga in September, 1863, the Third Brigade, First Division, Fourth Corps, ascended Lookout, and about the 8th or 9th of September reached the top of the mountain by using cow-paths, in some places being compelled to march single file. After reaching the summit and forming line-of-battle they marched from the point of the mountain to Summerville and soon struck the rebel rearguard and gave them a chase. When they reached Summerville the rebs were getting down the east side of the mountain, quitting the place in such a hurry that they had left their headquerters flag, hoisted on a tall tree, which had been trimmed of foliage and which was right on the brink of a cliff. Gen. William Grose said the flag must come down, and William Baugness, of Co. II, 84th Ill., climbed the Boom' from the oaken recesses breaks a hail- | tree and loosened the flagstaff, and it was soon storm of lead, and Reynolds, with the word of torn into pieces and kept as mementoes, the command upon his tongue, falls forward. The writer only getting a piece of the flagstaff, architect of the battle has fallen dead across its | there not being enough of the flag to go around. The writer believes that this was the first rebel flag hauled down off of Lookout, and he believes that the Stars and Stripes carried by the regiments of Grose's Brigade was the first Union flag on top of the mountain after the war commenced. The brigade was composed of the 6th and 24th Ohio, 23d Ky., 36th Ind., and 84th Ill. The writer was wounded at Chickamauga and missed the fun at Lookout Mountain.

Not Enough for Discharge. L. D. Immell, St. Louis, Mo., says: "Replying to Comrade B. F. Arnold, Co. C. 35th Ohio, hung along with Wirz. The Dector claims that in the issue of Sept, 25, I will state that I knew a comrade of the 23d Ky, who during the battle of Resaca, Ga., was thin enough to split and the good water; but if the Doctor thinks an Enfield rifle ball fired by a rebel sharpshooter. But the ball did not seriously injure the comrade, nor was he discharged on account | purities of the stables and corrals of all the ani-

A. A. Seaverns, Co. E. 7th Mass., North Scituate. Mass., writes: "It was during our preparations for the advance on Marye's Hights May 3, 1863, Comrade David Brown told us he was positive his time had come, and he should lose the number of his mess that day. No arguments could change his mind. We tried to persuade him to keep to the rear, but to no avail. He said he had got to go with us and should be killed at the first volley. When the Johnnies opened fire from behind the stone wall on our regiment, which advanced in columns of fours, Brown was shot through the head and instantly killed. So sure was he of being killed that he had given his watch and money to one of his tent mates to send home to

Home for Settlers. Willard Robeson, Co. H, 66th Ill., Circo, Tex., says the country in which he lives is fine for the old veterans. Circo is about 100 miles west of Forth Worth, at the crossing of the Texas Pacific and the Texas Central Railroads. It is in the heart of the great pecan-growing part of the State. There are thousands of acres of pecan lands about Circo, both improved and unimproved, that can be bought cheap for cash. in on their right and dropped down in their As a wheat-growing country, he says, it is ahead of California in many respects. All sorts of fruits are abundant. There are still thousands of acres of free range. The country is filling up rapidly, and the days of scrub cattle and cowboys are past. Persons with limited means can get a good start, but those who are too poor to stay where they are had better not

T. P. Baxter, Co. F. 3d U. S. C. T., Westport, Cal., wants to know by letter from comrades located in Arizona and New Mexico as to the availability of that country for settlement and what Government land is worth there.

Walter L. Patterson, Box 24, Short Beach, Conn., wants to know by letter about Florida. especially around St. Augustine, as to whether

there is a good chance for a painter and carpen- left, but there were not any Union troops in ter to do well. The Battle of Lynchburg. F. W. Ohlinger, Co. D. 13th W. Va., writes "Gen. Hunter, I brought my division here and I'll be d- if I don't take it back. Hunter

Hunter entirely unnecessary. John Kelly, Co. F. 2d U. S. Cav., Chicago, Ill. says: In a recent issue appears an article by Comrade Anson Taylor, teamster No. 18, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, claiming recognition for the army teamster. I agree with him that those brave fellows who rendered such faithful service in bringing up supplies ought to have honorable recognition in their declining years, for even an army teamster will grow old like the rest of us. Now, Comrade No. 18, I will wager an empty haversack against a box of hardtack that I saw you hauling supplies over the corduroy roads between Ship Point and Yorktown, on the Peninsula. But I must dispute with you the honor of covering the retreat of the 8th Pa. Cav. at New Kent Courthouse in May, 1862. At the time | the mud soon took the place of the snow. The the 8th Pa, was rushing back in disorder, have | writer would like to know who the officer was you any recollection of a party of cavalry trotting to the front, in single file, alongside your train, the men of the 8th yelling to us to ported, and if the men were reported present turn back or we would be all cut to pieces? The writer hereof was one of that party of 20 men, commanded by Serg't Streeter, of Co. F, 2d U. S. Cav. On arriving at the head of your train, then halted in the road, we formed across the road. The rebels seeing fresh troops coming up, and not knowing, perhaps, how few we were, took cover in the woods. It didn't take long to turn your train around. Of course there was some confusion for awhile, and the woods resounded with that emphatic style of profanity so familiar to the ear of an army stamp for a copy to Potter Circulating Library,

mule. But all soon started for the rear.

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The Sailors and Marines' Charge at Fort

David Rainey, alias Thomas McNeill, U.

Fisher.

S. S. Chippewa, East Jordan, Mich., says he was in the seamen and marine charge at Fort Fisher. It happened about 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and they landed from the fleet about 2,500 strong and were formed in three lines of battle, with the marines on the right and the blue-jackets at the water's edge and about 80 rods from the fort. Capt. Porter was in command of the seamen, and they charged along the water's edge, that ran up from the water to the fort. At the end of this stockade Capt. Porter fell, and his last words were for the boys to rally, as their ranks were beginning to get badly broken. After Capt. Porter fell he does not think the sailors went much farther. He followed the officer of his own gunboat toward the fort, and when within a few rods of the fort he looked back, and seeing no one he called to the officer and told him that the rest had retreated. There were five of them that got close to the fort, but only four got under shelter. The writer does not know to whom the credit belongs for taking Fort Fisher, but he does know that it was a very hot place for a while. The soldiers fought from the time that the sailors and marines were repulsed until 11 o'clock that night before the fort surrendered.

J. H. Tunstall, Co. B. 64th N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., says that in reading of the Reunion of the Second Corps he noticed the name of Capt. Jones, of the 64th N. Y., as being present. He thinks this must be Capt. Franklin C. Jones, of

to hear from him. George F. Blythe, Bowman's Bluff, N. C., wishes his comrades of the 2d N. C. M't'd Inf.

Co. B, his regiment, and would like very much

would write for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Dr. Stevenson's Attempt at Vindication. Darins Monroe, Co. K. 7th Mich., says that Dr. R. R. Stevenson, Surgeon-in-Chief at Andersonville, undertook to vindicate the memory of fallen beroes and erase the dark stain unjustly cast upon the Southern people because of their treatment of prisoners at that place. The writer was a prisoner, and suffered at Andersonville for seven months and more, commencing June 5, 1864, and ending Jan. 30, 1865, and he will say that Dr. Stevenson, Capt. any sleep over the condition of the prisoners in that hell-hole. The Doctor says that Wirz never cursed the men nor laid violent hands upon them, which is a lie out of whole cloth. The writer can show marks on his person to this day that he received at the hands of Wirz, and he has seen this same Dr. Stevenson kick, cuff, and pull the bair from the heads of men who were unable to help themselves, and if justice had been done this doctor he would have been the location of the prison was chosen with reference to the healthfulness of the locality that if the water, with the filth of the cookhouse, the sinks of the garrison, and the immals, which ran through the stockade, was pure water, he does not know what pure water is. Surgeon White reported on the 5th of August, 1864, that the water was bad. As to Capt. Wirz, the writer has seen him stamp men to death who could not lift a hand in their own defense, or rise from the ground, and he has seen men whom he caused to be killed by the hounds. He would like to know how Dr. Stevenson can get over the order issued by Wirz, giving a farlough to any member of the 4th Ga, who would kill a Yank; which does not

Carroll's Brigade at Gettysburg. Charles C. Callahan, Lieutenaut-Colonel 4th Ohio, Effingham, Kan., says that Comrade Peck, of the 17th Conn., in a recent article undertakes to read Carroll's Brigade out of the fight at Gettysburg, and he says that the 17th Conn. was not relieved either by Hays's or Carroll's Brigades or any other troops on the evening of July 2, 1863, until after the fighting was all over and the danger was past In this he is correct, as the writer knows the fact, for they found them in good shape and making a good fight. But when he says that he distinctly recollects when the 4th Ohio came rear he is away off, and he is also off when he says that the 4th Ohio did nothing, for the simple reason that there was nothing to do. The fact is that Carroll's Brigade came from the west, passed through the batteries on East Cemetery Hill, their left near the old Cemetery gate, and their right extending a little to south of those batteries. They met the enemy in those batteries; the 4th Ohio's first loss being there, as the writer saw some of his men fall. They pressed the enemy back rapidly until they crossed the road at the foot of the hill, where they halted and fired at least 20 rounds, the artillery joining in after they had passed. Here they found the 17th Conn., their right overlapping ing in after they had passed. Here they them by a few rods, and they formed on their the line as far as Carroll's Brigade front went. The men of Carroll's Brigade only want credit for what they did, and do not want to cast a shadow on any troops in this affair. The writer thinks Ames's men fought well, but their line was broken and Carroll's men helped to restore that line, and they want credit for what they

Stevenson was as cruel as was Wirz.

Ostrander Ward, Co. I, 88th Ind., Marshall, Minn., says that about the middle of January. 1862, he arrived at Nashville on his way to the front from one of the hospitals at Louisville, Ky., where he found one of his own company. Bill Thorn. He thinks, by the way, that the Zollicoffer House was about the dirtiest place party, and they marched out a mile or two, but for some reason they had to return to the starting point. After they had got under cover a storm set in, but before it was over they started once more for the front, the rain falling in torrents, which considerably dampened their patriotism. After a while the command broke up into squads, and the writer stopped at a deserted house to rest and eat dinner. When just on the point of starting, two other comrades came and proposed that they remain until the storm was over. So they set about callecting fuel, and as that was in plenty, they soon had a rousing fire. When night came they climbed into the loft and locked themselves in by pulling up the ladder. They had a grand night's rest and awoke in the morning to find the ground covered with snow, and as it continued to snow all day they remained inside. His friends, however, went out long enough to catch a pig, which was brought in out of the storm and put near the fire, and one of the boys found a leaky cow somewhere, and sooner than let this milk run to waste they used some of it in their coffee. They remained in the but all night, and after a hearty breakfast in the morning of roust pig, coffee and hardtack, they struck out for their destination. For awhile a sleigh would have been of use, but who had charge of that party which started from Zollicoffer House, and to whom he reand accounted for. Comrade Thorn gate up his life at Chickamauga and the other comrades were never seen from that day to this. He would like to hear from them if they read this sketch.

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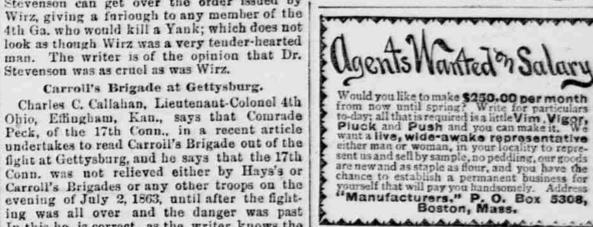
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